Ro. What Ladies that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder Knight?
Ser. I know not sir.
Ro. O she doth teach the torches to burn bright:
It seemes she hangs vpon the cheeke of night:
As a rich Iewel in an Ethiops eare,
Beautie too rich for vse, for earth too deare:
So shines a snowie Doue trooping with Crowes,
As yonder Lady ore her fellowes shines:
The measure done, Ile watch her place of stand,
And touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.
Did my hart loue till now, forsweare it sight,
For I ne're saw true beautie till this night.
Tibal. This by his voyce, should be a *Mountague*.
Fetch me my Rapier boy, what dares the slaue
Come hither couerd with an anticque face,
To fleere and scorne at our solemnitie?
Now by the stocke and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead, I hold it not a sin.
Capu. Why how now kinsman, wherefore storme
Tib. Vncle, this is a *Mountague* our foe: (you so?
A villaine that is hither come in spight,
To scorne at our solemnitie this night.
Cap. Young *Romeo* is it.
Tib. Tis he, that villaine *Romeo*.
Capu. Content thee gentle Coze, let him alone,
A beares him like a portly Gentleman:
And to say truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a vertuous and welgouernd youth,
I would not for the wealth of all this Towne,
Here in my house do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him,
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Shew a faire presence, and put off these frownes,
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tib. It fits when such a villaine is a guest,

Ile

Ile not endure him.
Capu. He shall be endured.
What goodman boy, I say he shall, go too,
Am I the master here or you? go too,
Youle not endure him, god shall mend my soule,
Youle make a mutinie among my guests:
You will set cock a hoope, youle be the man.
Ti. Why Vncle, tis a shame.
Capu. Go too, go too,
You are a sawcie boy, ist so indeed?
This trick may chance to scath you I know what,
You must contrarie me, marrie tis time,
Well said my hearts, you are a princox, go,
Be quiet, or more light, more light for shame,
Ile make you quiet (what) cheerely my hearts.
Ti. Patience perforce, with wilfull choller meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting:
I will withdraw, but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, conuert to bittrest gall. *Exit.*
Ro. If I prophane with my vnworthiest hand,
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this,
My lips two blushing Pylgrims did readie stand,
To smoothe that rough touch with a tender kis.
Iu. Good Pilgrim you do wrõg your hãd too much
Which mannerly deuocion showes in this,
For saints haue hands, that Pilgrims hands do tuch,
And palme to palme is holy Palmers kis.
Ro. Haue not Saints lips and holy Palmers too?
Iuli. I Pilgrim, lips that they must vse in praire.
Rom. O then deare Saint, let lips do what hands do,
They pray (grant thou) leaft faith turne to dispaire.
Iu. Saints do not moue, though grant for praiers sake.
Ro. Then moue not while my praiers effect I take,
Thus from my lips, by thine my sin is purgd.
Iu. Thẽ haue my lips the sin that they haue tooke.
Ro. Sin from my lips, ô trespas sweetly vrgd:

Giue